1770.a.5
(38

THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

A

DRAMATICK PIECE.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by the Rev. Mr. JAMES MILLER.

LONDON;

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoſter-Row; and Sold, likewiſe by J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Bookſellers.

M DCC LXXXI.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

THERE needs no prologue to our piece to-day,
Itself is but a prologue to a play;
A groupe of figures just chalk'd out to view,
Then left, some nobler portraits to pursue.
Our Coffee-House is like a dinner's room,
Where various cuts, lines, stand of all that come,
But none compleat—some shapeless, headless some.
Amongst these formless forms there's one you'll see,
Whom all will own is headless—that's poor Me.
The other draughts, by just touch'd and shewn,
Are general fabled characters; not one
Hung up in Effigy, but Me alone:
And what is still more hard, the cruel elf
Makes Me, like monks in lent, to scourge myself.
However, if you're much displeas'd in mirth to take me,
The rattling mimick thing he's pleas'd to make me,
I'll bless the satire, since my only treasure
Is still to be subservient to your pleasure:
But then this boon I'd humbly crave, that you
Won't think it meet to treat me roughly too.
But, hold!——this answers not our author's ends,
Anxious, 'twixt fear and hope, he here attends;
Wanting to learn if, gracious, you're inclin'd
To favour his new trifle.——If you find
What's worth your notice, shew it; hope and fear,
Tho' diff'rent passions, have the self-same tear.
If hop'ly then the poet and the play'r
Your gen'rous approbation jointly share,
Hourly we'll toil, to shew your smiles have might,
To teach me how to play, him how to write.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

HARPIE, a Scrivener.
GAYWOOD, an Officer.
HARTLY, a Gentleman of the Temple.
BAYS, a Poet.
CIBBER, a Comedian.
PUZZLE, a Politician.
BOOZWELL, a Fox-hunter.
RAVELL, a solemn Beau.
BUTTERFLY, a pert Beau.
1st Gamester.
2d Gamester.
Boy of the Coffee-House.

WOMEN.

Mrs. NOTABLE, a Widow, Mistress of the Coffee-House.
Miss KITTY, her Daughter.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

SCENE I. *The Temple.*

Enter Gaywood *and* Hartly, *meeting.*

Gay. HAH! my dear Templer, well met: why ſo penſive, pr'ythee? What, juſt come from nodding over Coke upon Littleton?

Hart. No, Sir; I'm in a very different courſe of ſtudy at preſent.——But pray, Captain, what is your buſineſs within our gates? No law-affair, I truſt, unleſs you are ſued for breaking windows, and putting watchmen to flight.

Gay. Nothing of that nature, I aſſure you, Sir; I happen'd to have a ſtrong run againſt me at hazard t'other night, and was forc'd to have recourſe to old Harpie the ſcrivener here for a brace of hundreds, which I have been to repay him.

Hart. With ſwinging ſauce to it, I'll warrant.

Gay. Aye, aye, the old raſcal has a ravenous maw of his own.—But, come, let's take one bottle, and drink confuſion to dice; for if ever I touch one again, may I——

Hart. Hold, hold, pr'ythee don't ſwear it, for if thou doſt thou wilt be forſworn within this half hour.

Gay. To prevent that, come along with me to the bottle.

Hart. No, I'm going to meet ſome company at the coffee-houſe.

Gay. What, to the Widow's, I ſuppoſe.—Aye, aye, I know your company! Kitty is the only one you want to ſee there. Art thou ſniveling after that puny girl yet? For ſhame! a young fellow of thy ſenſe and ſpirit to be in love!

Hart. In love or not, you muſt own, my dear Captain, ſhe's a delightful girl. The mother, too, has wiſely keep her pretty much ſhut up, and prevented her from any freedoms with the young fellows that come there: this indeed has given her a little aukwardneſs in her behaviour; but no matter for that, the hufſy has natural wit and ſpirit enough, and a little good converſation will ſoon poliſh her manners.

Gay. There's no great fear of that, indeed.

Hart. Then her fortune is not contemptible; ſhe'll have a brace of thouſands at leaſt; and let me tell you, that won't hurt a young fellow who has little elſe but his own induſtry to live upon; and I muſt own I have not talents to puſh me forward in my profeſſion. I have too honeſt, or at leaſt too ſilly a temper, to ſet people together by the ears in order to pick their pockets; I can't take a fee of a man, and do him no ſervice for it, but betraying his cauſe to his adverſary for another; I can't blacken and defame any one's character in publick merely becauſe I'm paid for it; nor can I craftily abuſe and quarrel with thoſe at the bar, whom I am in league and friendſhip with every where elſe.

Gay. There I applaud thee.—But for a gentleman to marry a coffee-man's daughter.—Sdeath! 'tis a ſcandal.

Hart. Pſha! intereſt confounds all diſtinctions of that kind; and if a great many gentlemen had not marry'd tradeſmen's daughters, they muſt have been glad to have turn'd tradeſmen themſelves for a living——provided they had capacity enough, I mean.

Gay. That's well provided, truly!

Hart. And pray, upon balancing the account, how am I a ſufferer? I am a gentleman, and poor; ſhe a coffee-girl, and rich; why, if I have her money for my gentility, troth, I think 'tis a good bargain.——Captain, you are my friend, and muſt aſſiſt me in this affair. Old Harpie, that you are juſt come from, is my rival, you muſt know.

Gay. Old Harpie your rival!

Hart. Yes, and the Widow, as he is rich, makes no difficulties of accepting the propoſal.

Gay. That old compound of politicks and law, to think of profaning ſuch a girl as that! 'Slife, let's go directly to the coffee-houſe, and cane the knave round the publick room, for he was going thither, when I left him, to meet ſome of his brethren learned in the Gazette.

Hart. No, no, Captain, we muſt work by ſtratagem, and not by ſtorm.

Gay. Come then, I'll go with thee, and in ſpite of his quirks and politicks both, well find a way, I'll warrant thee, of blowing up the traitor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Coffee-Room.*

The Widow *in the Bar*; Bauble *and* Butterfly *ſtanding by it, and ſeeming to talk with her. On one Side two Gameſters at a Table playing at Back-Gammon, and a Poet at another Table leaning on his Hand, with Pen, Ink, and Paper, before him. On the Side* Puzzle *and* Harpie *at a Table, with Coffee before them*; Puzzle *ſmoking, and holding a Paper in his Hand. At the farther End* Boſwell *aſleep, in Boots and Spurs.*

Puz. Neighbour Harpie, you are quite out in your politicks, indeed,

Harp. I believe not, neighbour Puzzle; and I'll lay fifty guineas that there's nothing more done in Hungary this year.

Puz. [*Flinging down his pipe.*] You make me mad, neighbour.——You know better, I suppose, than I do, when I have the Constantinople Gazette sent me every week.

Harp. Aye, Sir, but I have the Babylon Gazette.

Puz. You are very headstrong, neighbour. Why, I have letters in my hands at this present time, which expressly affirm, that the Grand Vizier is marching directly with two hundred thousand men to besiege Belgrade both by sea and land.

Harp. Belgrade by sea! pray, Sir, where did you learn your geography?

Puz. Why, give me leave, give me leave, neighbour: is not Belgrade a sea-port town, pray?

Harp. Not that I know; or at least 'tis very lately become one, if 'tis so.

Puz. Sir, I understand the map, and I will wager you a dish of coffee that Mr. Bays yonder is of my mind.——Hearke, Sir!——Pray one word with you, if you please, Mr. Bays.

Bays. The duce had you all, for me!—'Tis impossible to write four lines here in quiet; I have the finest thoughts in the world continually drove out o' my head by people's impertinent chattering: when I am at home I can't be easy for a pack of rascally duns, and when I flee here to avoid 'em I am interrupted in this manner.

Harp. What, d'ye write verses in a coffee-house, Mr. Bays? a pleasant Parnassus, truly!

Bays. Yes, and I wish you'd write sub-pœna's here, and not disturb me with your Turks and Tartars: why, Sir, if they were all at the bottom of the Danube my muse would not sing one note the less for it.

Puz. Well, well, Sir, don't be in wrath. But pray inform us what your lucubrations have a respect unto.

Bays. Why, my lucubrations, Sir, have a respect unto the approaching nuptials of my friend Sir John Love-rhyme, and the virtuous lady Toothick. I am writing, Sir, an epithalamium upon it. They stay to have it finish'd before they are marry'd; and, as Sir John is my friend, I condescend to bestow on him some of those precious moments which I should otherwise employ upon gods and heroes.

Harp. Sir John is likewise my friend, and therefore I should be glad to hear some of your verses.

Bays. Aye, Sir, you talk like a reasonable man. When you ask an author to repeat his own works you do something; but to pollute the streams of Helicon with dirty politicks!——Why, you may wrangle about your politicks as long as Cave and Watts about the History of China, for what any body will be the wiser or better for it.

Harp. How! Sir, do you abuse politicks?

Bays. Sir, I say that poetry is—

Harp. Sir, I say that politicks are every thing; 'tis the most noble of all sciences, the most useful of all arts, and the most delectable of all enjoyments.

Bays. Hold, hold, Sir; and pray what becomes of poetry all this while? Poetry, that ennobles the mind, enlarges the heart, refreshes the intellects, polishes the—

Harp. Politicks, that governs kingdoms, upholds states, balances empires, decides—

Bays. Poetry, that sweetens sorrow, soothes passion, regulates the senses, feeds the soul!—

Harp. And starves the body——whilst politicks—

Bays. Sir, I say that a politician is a muzzy, hum-drum, stupid animal, that busies himself with things he has nothing to do with, and neglects what belongs to himself the while; that is very knowing in the affairs of Russia, and ignorant of what his own family are about; and whilst he's planting colonies abroad, has a pair of antlers planted on his own brows at home?

Puz. How, Sir! d'ye call my wife a whore?

Bays. Sir, your wife may be as chaste as Lucretia for what I know; but I say, that a politician is—

Harp. Sir, I say that a poet is a shabby, rhyming, impertinent ass; a fellow that flatters the living, and tells lies of the dead; that talks of nothing but heroes and kings, and converses with nobody but fidlers and pick-pockets; a mumping hungry pimp, that's always crouding at other people's tables, and—

Bays. Pimp! pimp! that's not to be suffer'd.—A poet a pimp! that is not to be put up. Sir, I'll have instant satisfaction.——Paper and ink here—more ink and paper, I say.——I'll draw my pen on you this moment, Sir, and will write a satire in the modern manner, that shall transmit you, your relations, friends, and acquaintance, to all future generations, as a pack of owls, bats, thieves, scoundrels, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

[*Walking about in a great rage.*

Puz. [*After a long whiff.*] Hah! *genus irritabile vatum!* Softly, softly, good Mr. Bays, remember that poetry soothes passion.

Bays. Sir, I am in a passion, and will be in a passion, and my pen is drunk with gall, and I'll vent it all upon that old——

Puz. Come, come, sit down, and let us hear your epithalamium, Mr. Bays.

Bays. No, Sir, this animal here is unworthy of it. Besides, I expect Mr. Cibber here this instant to hear me read my new tragedy.

Puz. Mr. Cibber, Sir! what, the player?

Bays. Yes, Sir.

Puz. [*Rising.*] Give me leave, Sir.

Bays. What's the matter, Sir?

Puz. Sir, I beg you'll give me leave. I hope you don't think I'll be in a room with a common player of interludes. I keep no such profane company. Here's for my dish of coffee.——Unless, Widow, you forbid those players your House, I shall be forc'd to forsake it.

Wid. Forbid the players my house, Sir! why, Sir, I get more by them in a week than I do by you in seven years. You come here, and hold a paper in your hand for an hour, disturb the whole company with your politicks, call for pen, ink, paper, and wax; beg a pipe of tobacco, burn out half a candle, eat half a pound of sugar, and then go away, and pay two-pence for a dish of coffee. I should soon shut up my doors, if I had not some other good people to make amends for what I lose by such as you, Sir.

Bawb. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, Widow; smoke him, smoke him.

Butter. Smoke him, smoke him, Widow, ha, ha, ha!

Puz. Ungrateful woman! I'll never enter your wicked doors again.——Neighbour, if you have a mind to take a sober pint this evening, you know where to find me.

[*Exit Puzzle.*

Harp. I'll follow you, Sir.—[*Paying at the bar, and speaking to the Widow.*]—But hearke'me, Wi-

dow, where's my little Kitty? Um.——Shan't I see her again to-night, boy?

Wid. To be sure you shall, good Sir; she's fetting herself a little in order, on purpose to wait on your honour.

Harp. Ods me! is she indeed? well, well, then I'll but go to the next barber's and get shav'd and powder'd, and I'll be here again presently. O! 'tis a curious little love! I am out of all patience 'till I have her. [*Exit* Harpie.

Bays. 'Slidikins! why does not this Cibber come! I'm quite impatient to be reading something.—But in the mean time, I'll finish my epithalamium. [*Sits down to write.*

1 *Play.* A gammon, Sir!

2 *Play.* Sir, you play'd that wrong: 'twas cinque ace, not cinque deuce.

1 *Play.* Sir, I say 'twas cinque deuce; there, Sir, that was the cast, and I play'd my men so.

2 *Play.* Sir, I don't say you lye——but I know what I know.

1 *Play.* All I know is, that 'tis a fair gammon.

[Bawble *and* Butterfly, *who had been talking with the* Widow *at the bar, leave her and come forward, and adjust themselves at the glasses.*

Bawb. Widow, this is an impudent glass of thine; it makes my face look as wither'd and yellow as a shrivell'd potato. Pr'ythee, get one that will give a man a better opinion of himself.

Butter. What a poltroon of a peruke-maker have I got—here, rascal, a comb here.—'Tis a hard thing that a man must comb his own wig ten times a day.

Bawb. Dear Butterfly, dost hear the melancholy news?

Butter. No, what is the matter, Bawble?—Tho' I spend half my time in coffee-rooms, I never see the papers.

Bawb. We are all ruin'd! poor Faronello, dear celestial Faronello's lost!

Butter. Ah, ruin'd indeed. What can be done in such a deplorable case? Such a publick calamity!

Bawb. Alas! we can do nothing but bewail our misfortune.

SONG.

When dire misfortune hath befel
Each quav'ring beau and tuneful belle!
Lost Faronello's killing note,
For Spain has caught him by the throat:
Far, far away
He's forc'd to stray;
Killing, thrilling,
Thrilling, killing,
O! we're ruin'd, lost, undone,
Charming Faronello's gone!
Our tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow,
That Senesino needs would go;
When straight a heavier loss we rue,
Dear Faronello's kidnap'd too.
Faronello!
Senesino!
Senesino!
Faronello!
O! we're ruin'd, lost, undone,
Both the warblers, both are gone!
O cruel Spain! will nought suffice?
Will nought redeem this lovely prize?
Take all our ships, take all our men,
So we enjoy but him again:
O send him straight,
Our nobles wait!
O send him quick,
We all are sick!
Ruin'd, lords and commons all,
From St. James's to Guildhall!

Butter. But, dear Bawble, we have one still finer than him to come, han't we?

Bawb. Worse and worse; he positively refuses to come, unless we give him a thousand a year more than Faronello.—But he must have it, to be sure.

Butter. To be sure he must.—Tol de rol.——Dear Bawble, I'm in the highest plight in the world for the assemblée to night. [*Dancing up to the backgammon players, he throws down their tables.*] Hey! gentlemen, what at so pedantick a game as backgammon?

1 *Play.* 'Slife, Sir, you have lost me my game.

Butter. 'Tis possible I may, Sir.—Bawble, my dear; for the assemblée, *si vous plaît.*

[*Exeunt* Bawble *and* Butterfly.

1 *Play.* Well, Sir, I have won the set, and so leave you to pay the reckoning. [*Rising up.*

Bays. What a noise is here! there's no doing any thing.

2 *Play.* Nobody ever play'd with such ill luck as I do.—The deuce take the dice for me!

[*Flings the dice away, and one of them strikes* Bays *on the forehead.*

Bays. What d'ye mean by that, Sir? D'ye offer to insult me?

2 *Play.* I don't care what I mean, Sir.—There's the reckoning, Widow. [*Exit.*

Bays. Ye powers! that villain with his dice has murder'd one of the finest thoughts in the world.

Cib. [*Without.*] A shillings your fare, Sir, and I'll give you no more.

Bays. O! here's Cibber come at last.—I'm glad on't.

Enter Cibber.

Cib. Hey, boy! some coffee here.—O, Mr. Bays, your most obedient.—Widow, how dost do?

Booz. [*Waking, and yawning aloud.*] Yaw!

Cib. Ahah! old sinner, how goes it? What drowzy already, squire?

Bays. Sir, will you hear my new tragedy read?

Booz. Yaw! I have slept long enough already, Sir.

Bays. [*Shaking his head.*] A brute, a sad brute!

Booz. What is it o'clock? Ods my life! past nine. I did not think it had been so late, I vow. I must to Lebeck's this very instant, or else the company will have supp'd before I come; and that would be very hard, friend Cibber, for I am sure I have had no dinner to-day.

Cib. How! no dinner, squire, at nine at night, and half seas over.

Booz. Why there were four jolly blades of us, you must know, met at six this morning to set out for the chace; but the weather proving surly, we e'en set down to hunt the glass, and there we have been fasting all the while till now.

Cib. Ha, ha, ha! poor Bozwell, I pity thee, truly!

Booz. Aye.—We have drank but about five and twenty bottles of claret amongst us all. The other three I left under the table, and came here to drink a bottle of citron to drive away the fumes of the wine. I have taken a short nap, and am now ready to go to't again.

Cib. O brave squire! troth, thou art an heroick champion, I have done some handsome exploits of that kind myself formerly, but this is a coup de maitre.

Booz. For five and twenty bottles to lie under the table! 'Tis a shame, Mr. Cibber; 'tis a sneaking puling trick, I say. Of my conscience, there's no

such thing as men to be found! Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! the world declines greatly, grows worse and worse every day.

Bays. Ay, so it does indeed, Sir; that's the moral of my new tragedy, here.

Boots. I keep up a little of the old English spirit and vigour yet, but I must go like the rest in time: however, I can bear a tight tug or two more, little Cibber. I an't a five-bar gate shall stop me, nor a bumper or two knock me under the table, nor a brisk young lass throw me out in the chace.

SONG.

Love and drink, merry mortals, the bonum of man
Is to kiss the gay lass, and to quaff the full cann:
While you live take your fill of these pleasures divine,
For the grave is a cellar that's void of good wine.
The jolly bright bumper still drives away care,
And sorrows all vanish at sight of the fair. [sunder,
Then let love and good drinking be ne'er found a-
But Cupid and Bacchus keep all the world under.

Cib. Ha! old jovial, give me thy hand: why, thou art a perfect Hercules.

Boots. Fare thee well, my boy; thou art a true cock, and I like thee; and I'll go directly and drink a bumper, for thy sake, to the success of the stage. [*Exit.*

Bays. Well, Sir, there's nobody here but—

Cib. Sir!—Well dear Widow, how dost do? Does business go on briskly, and money tumble in upon thee apace?

Wid. Why ay, Mr. Cibber, now you players are come to town we begin to find things stirring again. All people that are upon the publick miss you mightily; for you don't only live freely yourselves, but you are the occasion of other people's doing so too.

Cib. Well said, Widow. [dow?

Bays. And pray don't you miss us poets too, Wi-

Wid. Our books miss you, Sir.

Bays. Pooh, pooh! what's that to the purpose.—But, dear Mr. Cibber, will you hear my tragedy?—Pray let us begin.—Dramatis personæ. Men—

Cib. Yes, Sir.——But where's little Kitty to-night, my dear Widow? Pr'ythee let's have a little chat with her, woo't?

Wid. These men are all bewitch'd, sure; nothing but Kitty, Kitty, Kitty.

Cib. Thou art an unconscionable woman, Widow. Consider, my dear, you have had your run a long while, 'tis time for thy posterity to come into play now.—Come, come, call my little whipster: here, Kitty! where art thee?

Wid. I tell you, Mr. Cibber, she can't come, nor she shan't come.—She's now dressing to receive Mr. Harpie.—Ay, I'll get rid of her soon; I'll marry her off once, and then I shall be a little at ease, I hope.

Cib. What, marry her to Harpie! if thou dare attempt it, Widow, I'll bring a body of playhouse dragoons, all Alexander's army, and demolish thy citadel for thee.

Wid. I defy you, and all your company, Sir.—Tho' you are so uppish, Sir, I have gentlemen enow that will stand by my side, all the reverend benchers to a man, Sir.

Cib. Ha, ha, ha! thou art a droll dear.

Bays. For Apollo's sake, Mr. Cibber—We shall be interrupted again, by and bye.—Pray hear me.—Drama Personæ.—Thuanes, chief commander of—

Cib. Yes, Sir, a very good name.—Order Gaywood, and my dear Hartly! serviteur! serviteur!

Enter Gaywood *and* Hartly.

Bays. I knew 'twou'd be so: I shall go distracted.

Hart. Cibber, I'm glad to see thee. What news from your theatrical empire here?

Cib. Much the same, Sir, as from the other great monarchies of the world; one day at war, and another at peace; abusing one another this hour, and begging one another the next; many private parties, no publick good; many different sects, very little religion; every one for himself, and Heaven—I'm afraid not much to do with any of us.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha! Why, 'tis your business, you know, to represent the world.

Cib. Yes, and I am very sorry 'tis so; for as people who mock others that squint, come to squint themselves at last; so the follies we mimick on the stage are apt to become real habits to us. For my own part, now, I off the stage as well as on, sometimes play the fop, and sometimes the fool; and am sometimes sober, and sometimes drunk; now and then have a scantling of wit, but seldom or never a grain of common-sense—or, if I had, I'm sure it must be all my own.

Hart. Why so?

Cib. Because few of our modern authors are able to furnish me with any.

Gay. Thou art a merry fellow, Cibber.

Cib. And what's the worse on't, the world generally judge of us too from the characters we play. I'm sure I wish our poets were hang'd for giving us always such scurvy parts.

Bays. Sir, I'll take care of you in my future pieces.

Cib. Sir, your very humble servant.

Hart. But pr'ythee, Cibber, have you nothing new coming out this season?

Cib. No, troth, I hear of nothing yet.

Bays. What's that you say, Mr. Cibber? Have not you heard of my tragedy? Not heard of my tragedy, Sir?

Cib. O, yes! I have heard of a great many things that would come out.——Why, Sir, if you was to see our manager's closet, what with unborn tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies, operas, farces, dramatick satires, dramatick tales, dramatick performances, and so on, there's enough to supply all the chandlers in town with waste-paper for a twelvemonth.

Bays. Yes, Sir, but my tragedy will be put to another use, I hope.

Cib. Very likely it will, Sir.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha! what, Mr. Bays, may we hope something from your excellent pen? I thought you had been so often damn'd by the ill-natur'd town, that you had damn'd them by this time, and would write for 'em no more.

Bays. Why truly, Sir, I have been very scurvily used; some of my pieces they have damn'd when acted, and others they would not suffer to be acted at all. But I must not bury my talents for all that, Sir.——Yes, Sir, I have got a tragedy here, if I could get any body to hear it read. Besides, Sir, you should see other kinds of things, if I could but get any body to print 'em. I have translated, Sir, Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice; for I am excellent, you must know, at the translating of ancient authors: and I am at this present time turning Virgil's Æneid into Greek verse, for the benefit of those that don't understand Latin.

Hart. Ha, ha, ha! a very useful and learned undertaking, truly.

Bays. Dear Mr. Cibber, one word with you: hear me read but one speech, and I'll be satisfy'd

Cib. If you'll sit down at the next table, Sir, I shall be happy in the opportunity.

[Bibby sits down at a table, and lays out his tragedy out of his pocket, and seems to read with great attention.]

Gay. Well, so, all, now for business.—Have you thought of any scheme?

Hart. Yes; of a thousand, but fix'd upon never one.

Gay. Meeting with Cibber here, has just turned a lucky thought.—He's a good-natur'd fellow, loves a piece of merriment, and I'm sure won't refuse to assist us.

Bays. Well, Sir, what d'ye say to it now? I hope now you're satisfied what I can do.

Cib. O yes, Sir, that I was before.

Bays. There's an excellent part in it for you, Mr. Cibber.

Cib. True, Sir; but I desire you'd think of somebody fitter for it; my talent lies more towards comedy.

Bays. And let me tell you, Sir, there's a good deal of humour in that part.

Cib. I believe, indeed, t'would make people laugh.

Bays. Aye, aye, let me alone for that.—And so, Mr. Cibber, your humble servant; gentlemen, your servant; I hope you'll see, gentlemen, that my tragedy has justice done it. *[Exit* Bays.

Cib. The town will take care of that, if ever it appears.

Hart. But hark'e, Cibber, we have an affair upon hand that requires a little of thy dexterity to accomplish.

Cib. Dear Sir, I'm intirely at your service; I love to help out a friend at a pinch.

Gay. Why the business is to bubble old Harpie of his mistress here.

Cib. With all my heart; such aukward knaves as he were made on purpose to be bubbled.

Gay. I have thought of a part for you.

Cib. Any part that you please, Sir; I'll try if I can hit it. D'ye want a sage politician, for instance, with a face full of business, and a head empty of brains—Why, I must look, I suppose, with as much consternation as if a house was on fire about my ears; shrug up my shoulders, and shake my head with great significancy; most profoundly lay open the mysteries of government, and settle the interests of all the powers of Europe in a trice; proclaim, for a certainty, what never could happen, and whisper for a secret what never could be known.

Hart. Aye, aye, very well.

Cib. Or if you'd have a man of condition and taste, gentlemen——Why, I must put on as unmeaning a face as any lord of 'em all, I reckon; take snuff, giggle, hum an opera-air, admire my own shoe-buckles, swear a dozen or two of polite oaths, and then turn on my heel and cry, Hey for St. James's!

Gay. Right, right, little Theophilus! Ha, ha, ha!

Cib. Or if a solemn doctor of physick is the thing, why then, I presume I must deliberately apply my cane to my nose with one hand, and sagaciously feel a pulse with the other; talk most sententiously of diagnosticks and prognosticks, elastick fibres and nervous fluids, systole and diastole, acid and alkaline; then call for pen, ink, and paper, look extremely wise for half a minute, scribble something that nobody can read, take my fee with great seeming reluctancy, then step into my chariot, and laugh at the fools I have so egregiously chous'd.—Will this do, gentlemen, or would you have any thing else?

Gay. O, Sir! this is extremely well. But dost think thou couldst act a drunken man now, as I should be?

Cib. Why, Sir, 'tis a part I have play'd in earnest before now, and as I am very sober at present, I don't doubt but I could do it as well again.

Hart. Nay, I don't fear thee.

Gay. But see here comes our chap, let us have a little diversion with him first, and then go and consult how to chouse him in earnest.

Enter Harpie, *adjusting himself.*

Harp. Soh, soh, I think I make a pretty tolerable appearance now; adad, I shall look lovely in my little sweet one's eyes! *[Aside.*

Cib. D'ye see how the rusty old rascal is furbish'd up? He's come here a gallanting, I'm sure; but I'll see if I can't discompose his harness a little.—Hah! my most honour'd friend, Mr. Harpie; you abroad this time of night! thy hand, old gentleman!

Harp. Your servant, Mr. Cibber.—Sir, your servant.—If you please to give me my hand again, Sir.—I am a little in haste at present, with your leave, Sir.

Cib. O! but, dear Sir, you must stay a little, and give me leave to congratulate you upon your approaching nuptials: matrimony is a thing of the highest homogeneous nature, and in which all the inherent and occult qualities of matter and motion meet, as it were in a center, and form a corpusculum of genus and species, according to the exactest rules or mode and figure, *barbara celarent darii ferio baralipton.*

Harp. Why, Sir, what the duce is this you are saying?—I have been listening with both my ears, but can't comprehend a word of the matter.

Cib. Why I was saying, Sir, as you observe, that gold buttons are certainly the gentelest wear in the world, *[Unbutting his waistcoat.]* as are these broad hems to the cravat. *[Rumpling his cravat.]* This wig too sits extremely well, and fits you to a very hair. *[Turning the hind part of the wig before.*

Harp. Gads budakins, Sir! what are you about? Let me alone. Here comes my mistress, let me go and salute her.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha!

Harp. What the murrain has the villain done to me? amus'd me with a parcel of nonsensical trumpery, while he has pull'd my clothes half off my back.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Kitty. Your humble servant, Sir; mother told me, indeed, that you was gone to new-dress. Ha, ha, ha! and truly a tempting figure you make.

Cib. Ha, ha, ha! Why yes, Madam, and I had the honour of being his valet de chambre.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Harp. Ods-gizzard! d'ye make a laughing-stock of me! By St. Christopher, I'll be revenged; I'll, I'll——I'll teach you to play your plaguesome tricks upon me: aye, and you, Captain Plotter; and you too, Mr. Whipster.—I'll do you the prettiest jeffies, I warrant you, you shall have it on both sides your ears. *[Exit.*

Kitty. Your servant, Sir. Ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. Well, Cibber, let us now leave the turtles to bill a little by themselves; in the mean time step with me to next door, where we'll take one Hark, while I tell thee my project.—You know where to find us, Hartly.

B

Hart. I'll be with you presently.

[*Exeunt* Cibber *and* Gaywood.

Kitty. Well, I am glad they have left us alone, Mr. Hartley. *You transported to see your dear, dear Mr. Hartley.*

Hart. Aye, my dear Kitty, then I shall soon see you no more; you have basely consented, I hear, to marry old Harpies, at this time of day.

Kitty. Why, now, how can I help it, Mr. Hartly? Mother vows she'll turn me out of doors if I don't marry him: I had a thousand times rather have you, indeed and indeed I had, Mr. Hartly; but I won't be turn'd out o' doors though.

Hart. And must this dear treasure of charms be a prey to an old wizard that can never know the value of 'em, and I must for ever be banish'd the enjoyment of 'em too—Oh, Kitty, I see too plainly you have no affection for me.

Kitty. Indeed but I have then, and there's a witness of it. [*Runs and kisses him.*] and therefore let Mother marry me to whom she will, when I am out of her power we'll see one another, and love one another as much, and as long, and as often as you please.

Hart. But this won't satisfy me, my dear.

Kitty. Yes, yes, my dear, I'll satisfy you, I'll warrant me.

Hart. No, Kitty, I can't bear to think any other should possess your person.

Kitty. Possess my person! my hand, you mean; for, by the stars, he shall touch nothing more of mine.

Hart. But suppose I could find a way of breaking off this match, would you be glad of it, my love?

Kitty. Aye, to my heart and soul. Only you must not let mother know that I consented to it, for she'd play the vixen with me if she did. You know, Mr. Hartly, she has always kept me coop'd up like a chicken, and won't suffer me so much as to speak to any of the gentlemen that come here.

Hart. I know it, my dear.

Kitty. She says, truly, it spoils girls, she says, and makes them witty; and she hates that I should be witty, you must know. But no matter for that, I know more than she thinks I do. She may pretend this, and that, and t'other; but the only reason she won't let me come among the young gentlemen is, that she may keep 'em all to herself.

Hart. You are in the right on't, my dear; but I would not be so told, Kitty; and if things come to an extremity, I would absolutely refuse to marry that wretch.

Kitty. By the stars so I will; and if mother turns me out of doors I'll come and live with you, Mr. Hartly.

Hart. No, that won't do neither, unless you could bring the fortune too. [*Aside.*

Kitty. But here comes mother; be sure you don't say a word to her that I love you.

Hart. No, my dear, I must leave thee for the present, to go and concert measures with Gaywood and Cibber. Dear Kitty, farewel.

Kitty. Good bye, dear Mr. Hartly; I am sorry I can't kiss you again—but mother would see me, if I did.

Hart. I hope, my dear, we shall soon be able to do it without fear. [*Exit* Hart.

Kitty. I hope so too, Mr. Hartly, and the sooner the better.

Enter Widow.

Wid. So, Miss, is Mr. Hartly gone? what business has he in the coffee-room, and talking to a young fellow here, when I am one of the way?

Kitty. I beg your pardon, mother, there was he talk'd to me now.

Wid. And pray where's the use of Mr. Harpie? I thought he had been here.

Kitty. Yes, he has been there, but, ha, ha! such such a comical figure, ha, ha, ha! that I almost burst my sides with laughing at him; he's gone to new rig himself, I suppose, but, thanks be prais'd, he said nothing to me.

Wid. What d'ye mean by that, hussy? Do you speak so slighty of a man that you are going to be marry'd to? you should have said you were sorry that he had not spoke to you.

Kitty. What, would you have had me told a lye then?

Wid. How! what's all this? you don't love him then it seems.

Kitty. Love him, mother!

Wid. Yes, love him, daughter.

Kitty. No, not I indeed.

Wid. No!

Kitty. No: you have often told me I must not love men; I always do what you bid me, mother.

Wid. Yes, but you should love this man, because he's to be your husband.

Kitty. Then 'tis necessary for one to love one's husband, is it?

Wid. Yes, to be sure, mistress.

Kitty. I desire you'll give me somebody else for a husband then, or else I'm sure I shall never love him.

Wid. And why so, Mrs. Impudence?

Kitty. Why didn't he make me love him, if he could? who hinder'd him? I know somebody else that made me love him presently.

Wid. Oh ho! is that the case? some fluttering coxcomb or other that has turn'd your head for you, has he? What, I suppose pretty Beau Bawble, that comes saunt'ring and whistling here every day.

Kitty. He, mother! that makes love to no body but himself, and stands with arms across for hours together, simpering at his own stupid face in the glass. What could he do with a wife, d'ye think? he's fitter to make a chambermaid of, than a husband. Ha, ha, ha! I should love my fists as soon, indeed now.

Wid. What, is it he that comes strutting about here, and takes up half the coffee-room with his swinging carcase?

Kitty. Who, that bragadocio, who thinks himself a man of quality because he gets drunk with 'em? no, mother, I can't abide him indeed.

Wid. What, the spruce young mercer, then, is it, that makes sheep's eyes at you every day, and spends more time here than he does in his shop?

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! now you make me laugh indeed. Such a prim, speckless mortal as that, who comes stalking up and down the room by equal paces, employs one hand in playing with his pleated cravat, whilst the t'other dangles by his side like a pendulum; stares at one for an hour, as if he could swallow one, and then glides out of the room like a ghost, without opening his mouth. I vow and protest, I'd as soon be marry'd to our dumb-waiter.

Wid. Oh! it is Mr. Hartly, I suppose, that you was talking with just now.

Kitty. Mr. Hartly!

Wid. Yes, Mr. Hartly: can you find no fault in him now, hey?

Kitty. No, indeed can't I; why should I find any?

Wid. Very well, mistress; and so you prefer a pitiful young fellow, with a handsome person and a little flowing wit, to a man of Mr. Harpie's wealth and gravity.

Kitty. To be sure I won't.—Would not you yourself now, mother?

Wid. Hussy, hussy! have I been at the expence of bringing you up, to fling you away upon one that can't maintain you?

Kitty. Oh! he'll pay you that again, besides, you have given me a topping education truly! do you think I am so blind as not to see that you have done all you could to make a fool of me? I'm asham'd on't, I tell you; for I an't a fool, and won't pass any longer for a fool.

Wid. O fine! and you want to be learning of your youngster, d'you?

Kitty. Yes, indeed do I; 'tis he that taught me all I know, and I'm more oblig'd to him than to you, for that matter.

Wid. Hussy! I've a mind to box your ears for your impudence.——But see, here's Mr. Harpie coming again; take care you behave as you should, mistress, or I shall make you repent it.

Enter Harpie.

Wid. Your servant, Mr. Harpie; here is my daughter, who is overjoy'd to see you, and is ready to be yours whenever you will do her the honour.

Kitty. [*Aside.*] Don't lye, mother. A high and mighty honour, truly!

Wid. Hush! you slut.

Harp. [*Aside.*] I profess I am at some loss how to address her, whether in law or politicks, for I am equally good at either; but I think law is the most sublime of the two, and best adapted for such occasions.——Madam, as all vassals are obliged to take an oath of fealty and allegiance to the lord of the seignory, before they can take possession of the premises made over to them in fee, so I now come, in quality of your unworthy vassal, to vow perpetual fidelity and homage before I enter upon the possession of the fee-tail of your beauties.

Wid. Come, Kitty, why don't you answer?

Kitty. Answer him! I don't know a word that he says. Let him answer himself, if he understands himself.

Wid. O, you baggage! [*Aside.*]——Sir, my daughter says she's extremely oblig'd to you, and that the dominion of your heart is the highest of her ambition.

Harp. My heart, Madam, is an immovable which you have had an absolute title to from the very first moment that your lovely eyes took forcible possession of this tenement.

Wid. What, are you dumb, hussy? [*Aside.*

Kitty. Lack-a-day, mother! what have I to do with his tenement?

Wid. You must excuse her not answering your handsome compliments, Sir; 'tis a sheepish girl, but matrimony will cure her of that.

Harp. O! matrimony is a most divine thing; you need not be afraid of it, my little charmer.

SONG.

Kitty. Yes; marriage sure must be divine,
Because in heav'n 'tis made:
Then let the man I love be mine,
And see if I'm afraid.
Some youthful swain that's kind and true,
Who can sing, dance, and play,
And please me night and day.
But sure that can't be you,
But sure that can't be you.

'Tis tedious work to lie alone,
And dream of this and that;
Then, dear mamma, pray give me one
To cuddle or to play, you know what:
Then I'll to him prove kind and true,
I'll kiss him, and caress,
I'll sing him, and embrace;
But that shall not let me you,
But that shall not let me you.

[*Exit* Kitty.

Harp. What, is she gone? she's very hard-hearted, I profess. I am afraid I have shewn too much bold out so long against the furious assaults I made upon her. I find law does not do so much; I'll try her with politicks next time.

Wid. O, Sir! you must not mind a young girl's refusal; they very often say no, and take it.

Harp. Aye, aye, why 'tis the way to woo; but suppose I was to make her a present now of a gold watch, or a snuff-box, or a pair of ear-rings, or——d'ye think that wou'dn't mollify her a little, um?

Wid. Why, aye, we women, Mr. Harpie, love dearly to have a bird in hand, for that matter.

Harp. Ads my life! I'll do it to-morrow morning; I'll buy two whole cargoes of trinkets to please her.——But I'm in doubt whether I shall go to Deard's, or to Pinchbeck's. Why I think Pinchbeck's baubles look as well as other's, and they're a great deal cheaper, I'm sure. Aye, I'll go there; she shall be hung all over like an Indian priestess; she shall want for nothing, I'll warrant her.

Wid. Nay, if you say so, Mr. Harpie, she'll be yours to-morrow; and, what's more, she shall be yours to-morrow. Ads my virtue! shall a little chitty-face slut think to be making me for ever her's, and putting me out of countenance with mother, and mother, in all company? Sir, your servant, I'll go in and bring matters to bear, I'll warrant, or I wish I may for ever live in the detestable state of widowhood, that's all. [*Exit* Widow.

Harp. Soh! soh! now things go as they should. Aye, aye, I thought I should find out some way of coming at her. See what 'tis to be a politician now. Your great politicians always get the better of every opposition; in short, politicks is the *passe-par-tout* of fortune.

Enter Cibber *disguised, and pretending to be drunk.*

Cib. O, Sir, are you here? your very humble servant. I interrupt your conversation, perhaps, as you are quite alone; but no matter for that, I am told that your name is Harpie, Sir: is it true, or is it not true?

Harp. Yes, it is true, Sir.——What does this drunken puppy want of me? [*Aside.*

Cib. Sir, I have been in every tavern, coffee-house, and bagnio in town, to look for you; but as you wasn't there, I did not find you there; upon which I went to take a little refreshment; but moderately, very moderately, I assure you.

Harp. Yes, so I perceive.

Cib. Moderation is a glorious thing—a very glorious thing.

Harp. Very true; but what's this to me, Sir?

Cib. Why, Sir, whether you know it, or not know it, I am a recruiting captain, Sir, and I am come to town here to fill up my company; during my stay for that purpose, I spend the chief of my time in the taverns, to make observations on the present war.

Harp. Oho! d'ye, Sir? and your observations are of great benefit to the public, I dare say.

Cib. Why, Sir, if I was general of an army, and

might act as I would. I've a plan in my head to conquer all Europe in one campaign. Pray observe me a little: I would have two armies, one in the South, and t'other in the North, with one of these I'd march directly through France and Germany, and begin the war with destroying all the vineyards in both their countries. Now, when they have no wines you know, how the deuce should the rascals live? There would be an horrible mortality in their army at once, and so of course I shall be master of those countries, d'ye see. Brave! Next march we'll to Holland; no, no, hold. I believe it would be better to conquer Turky first. What think you of it, hey? Along, my brave boys, we are in Greece already. Shife! how we'll tipple delicious Cyprus! Then for the——

Harp. Hold, hold, Sir, you'll be out of breath; you have made a very extraordinary campaign already.

Cib. Aye, this is making war something like; this is doing business.

Harp. Yes, Sir, here are a great many countries soon conquer'd, indeed; you intend your army should ride post, I suppose, or else you could not march thro' half of them in the time. But pray, Sir, is this all the business you have with me?

Cib. Why, Sir, being oblig'd to stay longer than I expected in this extravagant town, I am a little straiten'd in cash, and I should be glad if you could spare me some upon this curious brilliant here.

Harp. Hey! let me see. Ods my heart! this is a lovely stone. What a precious present this would be to Kitty now; I'll see if I can't chouse the drunken rogue of it. [*Aside.*]——Sir, I'll venture five pieces upon it, if you please.

Cib. Five pieces, Sir! I'd sooner 'twere at the bottom of the Black Sea. No, I'll go play it at picquet against twenty pieces with the first comer. I hate to be trifled with, Sir.

Harp. Outbid! I must not loose this opportunity; he's pure drunk, and may easily be bubbled. [*Aside.*]——Sir, if you are for play, I am your man.

Cib. Are you so, my dear? I like you now; give me thy hand, old boy. Shife! I'll get thee all the business of our regiment; you shall gather in all the rents, and draw up all the marriage-writings which we gave occasion for in the army.

Harp. I thank you, Sir; but I believe both the rents and marriages of you military gentry may easily be adjusted without many writings.

Cib. Well, Sir, now let's go in, if you please, and fall to business.

Harp. With all my heart, Sir.——I've got the ass by the bridle; I'll hold him fast, adod. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing for the life and heart of me. I shall certainly burst my petticoat-strings. There is mother within, routing out all my cloaths, picking out all my lac'd caps, and packing up all my best shifts, to be ready against I am to be marry'd to Mr. Harpie to-morrow, when she does not know now that I won't have him, ha, ha, he! however I am glad she has left the coffee-room to me a while by the stairs. I'll get into the bar. [*Gets into the bar.*] Lah! how pure it is to sit here, and have all the fine gentlemen crouding about one; one saying this, and another saying that; one doing one pretty thing, and another pretty thing; lah! I don't wonder mother loves it. [*Several of them about her.*] Come in, with all my soul, for I want seriously to be doing. Here, Thomas, what's at the fire there? Is every thing in order? The gentlemen will be coming from the tavern presently. Make some fresh coffee, d'ye hear me, booby, and a pot of the fine tea with the hard name, that mother keeps for her own drinking; for, by the stars, I'll have the best of every thing.

Boy. You shall, Mrs. Kitty.

Kitty. Mrs. Kitty! I assure you, Mr. Freedom.——And why not Madam, sanction?——O, here comes somebody.

Enter Gaywood, *pulling in* Bays *and* Bawble.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha! nay, but thou shalt stay, Bawble, and hear my story, and so shalt thou too, Bays; 'twill make thee an episode for thy next play.

Bays. I thank you, Sir, but I never borrow a thought from any body, and scorn to have any assistance, I assure you; I would not mix a verse of any other man's with mine if you'd give me the universe.

Gay. There thou'rt in the right, Bays, for thou can't meet with none that will mix with 'em, I'll be sworn.

Kitty. Your servant, Sir, your servant, gentlemen: will ye please to drink any thing, gentlemen; fresh coffee, tea, chocolate, or a dram of any thing this evening, gentlemen?

Boy. Madam, you forget, we must not sell drams.

Kitty. Hold your tongue, booby; I'll sell rib-bane, if I please.

Gay. Ahah! what, my dear Kitty in the bar? This is a miracle indeed! I must give you joy of this, Kitty. [*Kisses her.*

Kitty. Thank ye, Sir. [*Curtsying low.*

Gay. Come, Bays; what, a poet and sheepish?

Bays. Madam, permit me to taste the odours of those celestial lips. [*Kissing her.*] Not all the flowers in the Thessalian fields, nor Indian spicy gales, can vie with 'em in fragrance.

Gay. Poetically perform'd in troth, little Bays.——Bawble, what now, tongue-tied?

Bawb. Sir, I must beg leave to defer it till another opportunity, my perfumed sugar-plumbs are all gone——not but that my breath is as sweet as the morning, but 'tis not my custom.

Bays. A dish of coffee, boy; and your diet, Mr. Gaywood, for I want to be dispatch'd.

Kitty. Coffee here, presently! don't you hear, booby? he does not know what he's about, sure. Let me see, let me come. [*Goes out of the bar.*] Why, thou dostn't understand thy business, block-head. [*Filling out coffee.*] There, do you see now how soon I can do it? There's your coffee, Sir. Will you please to have any thing else, Sir?

Bays. Madam, you bring ten thousand blushes into my face to see those fair hands, which should be only employ'd in sacred rites, so prophan'd by ministring coffee to me!

Gay. Now they are prophan'd, as Mr. Bays says, let me have a dish from them, my dear.

Bawb. And for me——a pinch of Orangerie.

Kitty. You're very welcome, Sir; you are mighty welcome, gentlemen. [*Filling out coffee.*] Egad! I think I do wondrous well; mother may say what she will, but, by Jupiter, I should bring more business to the house than she does. There's your coffee, Captain; [*Giving him the coffee.*] and there's your snuff, Sir; and now let me hear your tongs, Captain; for I could love dearly to hear stories from captains and colonels; and so all we women of the town do, where——

Gay. Oh! my dear, this is only a little extravaganza: we were half a dozen of us at the tavern

together, when two or three of the company made a little excursion, and happen'd to crack a few glass lamps, and two or three watchmen's crazy crowns, upon which they were pursued by a whole army of watchmen, quite into the room where we were drinking; at first entrance we presented them with a bumper a-piece; they drank it off, and then began to be clamorous again; another bumper, not quiet yet; a larger still, and so one after another, till they quite forgot what they came there for, and so fell out among themselves, and drubb'd one another heartily; upon which the constable, who was most drunk of all, order'd them to the round-house, as disturbers of the publick tranquillity. Ha, ha, ha, be a pleasant scene enough, hey, Bays?

Bays. So, so.——But not a subject worthy my pen, Sir.

Bawb. Aye, very well! *bien drole!*

[*Taking snuff.*

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! what charming merry lives these men live. By the stars! I should like such doings myself; gallant all the day, drink all the evening, *scour* the streets all the night, break lamps, knock down watchmen, and make the constable drunk; rare, by the stars! this is what they call raking, isn't it, Captain?

Gay. Yes, child.

Kitty. Well, 'tis charming being a rake.—And is Mr. Hartly a rake, Captain?

Gay. Now and then, Kitty, as the sobereſt of us are.

Kitty. I am glad of it; I shall like him ten thousand and ten thousand times the better for it: and, by the stars! I'll rake with him; and we'll play the deuce and all, once we're got together.

Bawb. [*Taking snuff.*] Hah! a promising, forward sprig, truly.

Gay. But Kitty, had not you better make choice of a beau, child?—Here's Mr. Bawble now—

Kitty. O, foh! I hate a beau.—Smooth, insipid, tawdry, humming, loitering, do-nothing thing! He would be only fit to be set up in one's chamber like a China image, for shew.

SONG.

How brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau?
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
Nor they've nothing to talk of, for——nothing they know:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day but sing, saunter, and stare:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing at night to the playhouse they croud,
For to mind nothing done there they always are proud,
But to bow, and to grin, and talk—nothing aloud:
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to the assembly and ball;
And for nothing at cards a fair partner call,
For they still must be beasted who've——nothing at all;
Such, such is the life a beau.

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear,
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to fear;
They can be nothing no where, who——nothing
Such, such is the life of a beau.

But I must be gone, for if mother should come and catch me here, I shall be knock'd o'the head. [*Exit.*

Gay. D'ye hear, Bawble, what a contemptible opinion she has of you beaux!

Bawb. Spite, spite, mere malice! The women hate us, man, only because we'll have nothing to say to 'em. For my part, I make no other use of the fools, than to gallant their fans and play with their snuff-boxes.

SONG.

Learn all from me to treat the fair,
And how their pride to storm;
For if for me they do not care,
No more care I for them.

Amidst a thousand belles I rove,
And a true beau still am I;
For if to me they yielding prove,
From them I'm sure to fly.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Gentlemen, 'tis past one o'clock; I hope you think it time to go home.

Gay. Go home, widow, why so?

Wid. If you must know, Sir, I'm for saving fire and candle, and not burn and burn here all night for nothing. If I had no other income but what you and your companions spend all the while, I could not afford a rush-light in a week. There's you two, for example, have owed me money above these four years, and talk no more of paying me than if you had been quarter'd here.

Bays. Madam, I have a tragedy coming on this winter; you shall certainly be paid in tickets for my benefit.

Gay. As for me, Widow, I have straiten'd myself so much, by supplying the emperor with money to carry on the present war against the Turks, that I can promise for nothing till a peace is made.

Wid. Excellent security this for my money, indeed!

Bawb. And for my part, Widow, thou canst not accuse me of being in thy debt, for, choak me, if I ever drank any thing in thy house in my life!

Wid. No, Sir, you only help to fill up my room, and make a shew in it, for which my snuff-box has been always at your command, Sir.

Enter Harpie *and* Cibber.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!——But here come our gentry; now for the diversion. [*Aside.*

Cib. Sir, you owe me a hundred guineas.—Pay me.——I'll play no more.

Harp. How, Sir! won't you give me my revenge?

Cib. 'Sdeath! Sir, what d'ye mean? I beat you at picquet; you demanded your revenge at cribbage, and I gave it you. I have only won a hundred pounds of you, and I ventur'd my diamond ring against that, which is worth two hundred at least; so that, in effect, I am a hundred pounds loser at last.

Harp. Oho! Sir, you talk very glibly, methinks, for one that was so drunk not a minute ago.

Cib. O, Sir! 'twas winning your money sober'd me. Come, Sir, right reckonings make good friends; pay me this moment, or I'll run you thro' the body.

Harp. Gentlemen, for Heav'n's sake lay hold of the madman.

Gay. How, Sir, do you insult my friend, Mr. Harpie? I am your man, Sir. [*They pretend to fight.*

Boy. Swords drawn! [*Both fcal off.*

Wid. Now, Heav'n take, gentlemen! pray for-bear, gentlemen, I shall be undone.

Cib. Have, villains! two against one!——Oh! I am wounded! I am murder'd! a surgeon here presently.

Gay. So, now I must retreat. [*Exit.*

Wid. Oh, mercy on me! a man kill'd in my house! I am ruin'd for ever! Mr. Harpie, you have undone me.

Enter Hartly.

Hart. What is the meaning of this uproar? What, Captain Beaufait! my dear cousin, how came you in this condition.

Cib. Oh, cousin! I am dying; that villain of a scrivener, and that barbarous woman, are the occasion of it. For Heaven's sake let me be carried home this moment.

Hart. A chair directly, and put him into it. [Cibber *covered off in a chair.*]—Very well, Sir, and so you have murder'd my relation, have you, Sir? But you shall pay dearly for it. [*To* Harpie.]——Without there; porter, call a constable this moment.

Harp. How I tremble with the fright! I wish I were on t'other side of the Ganges.

Wid. Mr. Hartly, have mercy on me, dear Mr. Hartly, and don't undo me. If this affair comes to be publick, it will quite ruin my house.

Hart. Madam, Madam, I have a relation murder'd in your house.——Bring a constable here, to carry these offenders to the round-house till to-morrow morning. [*Secures the door.*

Wid. To the round-house! Heav'n forbid that I should ever see the inside of a round-house.

Harp. To the round-house, Sir! Do you know who I am?

Hart. I don't care who you are, Sir; the crime is great, there's a man kill'd: so you must to the round-house, both of you.

Wid. [*Falling on her knees to* Hartly.] For goodness sake! dear, sweet Mr. Harly, is there no ways of appeasing your fury?

Hart. No.

Wid. Will nothing save me from ruin?

Hart. No, I'll hear of nothing.

Wid. Can nobody prevail upon you? You have pretended to love my daughter.

Hart. No, no.

Wid. Not for poor Kitty's sake, Mr. Hartly?

Hart. No, no, I have nothing to do with her, she is engag'd to your fellow-murderer there; she can never be mine.

Harp. Hold, hold, hold, Mr. Hartly, I'll give up my title to her with all my heart, if that will do; I'll renounce her, I'll abjure her, I'll never see her again.

Hart. That is nothing to the purpose, Sir; her fortune's lodg'd in her mother's hands, and unless she gave her consent it does not signify.

Wid. I will give my consent; Kitty shall be yours if you will but hush up this affair; she shall, indeed she shall.

Hart. Psha! psha! you only want to get time, you will retract what you say to-morrow.

Wid. I won't indeed, sweet, dear Sir; and to satisfy you, here is Mr. Harpie who is a scrivener, let him draw up a contract, and I'll sign it this moment, and this worthy gentleman here shall be witness to it.

Harp. With all my heart, with all my heart: here's pens, ink, and paper; I'll do it directly. [*Writing down a contract.*] Gads! my hand shakes so with the fright, I can hardly hold my pen.

Wid. I am glad I'm got so well off of this terrible business; I should have been forced to have shut up my doors at last, and never have had the pleasure of being courted in a bar again.

Harp. Here, Widow, the contract is ready, make haste and sign, lest he should alter his mind. ——There, there, now let me witness it first. Here, Sir; [*To the constable.*] and now your hand; and yours too, Mr. Hartly, for it is a mutual contract.

Hart. With all my heart, Sir; but let me look on it first. [*Reads.*

Harp. I wish it were sign'd, and fairly over; I'm glad I am come so cheaply off; it might have prov'd a horrible business.

Hart. It is all right, and there's my hand to't. [*Signing it.*

Wid. [*Giving* Hartly *the paper.*] Here, Sir, I give it to you as my act and deed, and ten thousand thanks, Mr. Hartly, into the bargain.

Enter Gaywood, *leading in* Kitty.

Gay. And here, Sir, I present you with your mistress at the same time; for we have overheard all, and I heartily give you joy together.

Kitty. I'm sorry your relation's kill'd, indeed Mr. Hartly; but, by the stars! I'm glad that you and I are to be related.

Enter Cibber.

Cib. O! Madam, his relation's alive enough to wish you joy.

Wid. How! the dead man alive again!

Harp. Oh! I'm choak'd, I'm strangled, I am a dead man myself!

Gay. Well now, dear Cibber, pull off t'other mask too; thou hast play'd thy part most gloriously; and dear Kitty and I are infinitely oblig'd to thee.

Harp. How! have I been bubbled every way? chous'd and outwitted by a playhouse puppy?

Wid. Oh, what a villainous pack of rogues are here! I'll have justice, justice, Mr. Harpie.—— Let me come at that viper, that I may pull her eyes out.

Hart. Hold, hold, Madam, she is no longer yours; you have made over that right to me, I thank you, Madam; you can witness that, Sir. [*To* Harpie.] You drew up the contract, I think, and sign'd it when you had done.

Harp. Yes, Sir, I own it; and if you'll draw up another, I'll sign myself an ass, and an owl, and a fool, and a gull, and a dupe, and a buzzard, and, and ——Odsgizard! I shall never be able to shew my face in Westminster-Hall again. I renounce all law, and abandon all politicks. A morrain on picquet, cribbage, and coffee-houses! and may the pestilence take all stage-players, and those that go near them! [*Runs off.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Cib. Come, Widow, as the thing is over, it is in vain to make any noise about it; if you will but be easy, it may never be known.

Wid. Truly, Mr. Cibber, you have play'd me a very scurvy trick; but I think it most prudent to take your advice, and so Heav'n bless you both together!

Kitty. [*Curtseying low.*] Thank you mother.—— But, Mr. Hartly, must I quite leave our coffee-

house now? I wish you'd keep a coffee-house, with all my heart I do; you should'n't have trouble in it, my dear; I could serve all the gentlemen with what they want, and I should love to do it dearly too.

Hart. O, my dear, there's time enough to think of that; if your mother should happen to die, perhaps——

Kitty. And I hope she won't live long.——Nay, to tell you the truth, I ask'd Dr. Apozem one day what he thought of her, and he assured me she wasn't a long-liv'd woman. So there's some comfort for us, hey, my love!—For, by the stars! I had rather sit in a bar than ride in a coach and six.—— And I'll tell you what, Mr. Hartly, we'll have a room for the women too, if you will.

Hart. Yes, yes, Kitty, when we keep a coffee-house.

Kitty. By the stars! and so we will; for 'tis an unreasonable thing that women should not come to the coffee-house; I'm sure if they did, there would be more news stirring there in a week, than there is now in six months.

SONG.

What pleasures a coffee-house daily bestows!
To read and hear how the world merrily goes;
To laugh, sing, and prattle, of this, that, and t'other;
And be flatter'd, and ogl'd, and kiss'd too, like mother.

Here the rake, after roving and tipling all night,
For his groat in the morning may set his head right;
And the beau, who ne'er fouls his white fingers with brass,
May have his sixpen'worth of—stars in the glass.

The doctor, who'd always be ready to kill,
May ev'ry day here take his stand, if he will:
And the soldier, who'd bluster and challenge secure,
May draw boldly here, for—we'll hold him he's sure.

The lawyer, who's always in quest of his prey,
May find fools here, to feed upon every day:
And the sage politician, in coffee-grounds known,
May point out the fate of each crown but—his own.

Then, gallants, since ev'ry thing here you may find
That pleasures the fancy, or profits the mind,
Come all, and take each his full dish of delight,
And croud up our coffee-house every night.

Hart. Well, my dear Kitty, as we have taken so much pains to come together, I hope we shall take a little to live happily together. There shall be nothing wanting on my part——

Kitty. Nor on mine, by the stars! and that you shall find, Mr. Hartly.

Cib. Good, good; and if you both continue in the same mind, the moral of your play, as Mr. Bays says, will be this:

That wedlock, which the rakes and fools despise,
Hath joys to charm the virtuous, and the wise.

[*Exeunt.*

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A

MASQUE.

Written by LORD LANSDOWNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jupiter.	Prometheus.
Peleus.	Thetis.

The SCENE represents Mount Caucasus.

Peleus, entering, addressing himself to Prometheus, who appears chained to a Rock, a Vulture preying on his Breast.

Peleus. Prometheus! unpityed you complain.

Prom. Cease, cruel vulture! to devour
Pel. Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain.
Thetis entering, they repeat together.
Cease, cruel vulture! to devour.
Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain.
Peleus. Unpityed you complain.

Prometheus and Peleus.

Condemn'd on Caucasus to lie,
Sunk to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whole unpeeling eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the starry heav'n
To thee, Prometheus! I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain,
Prom. From Jupiter flying all our woes
Theirs is Jove's, who once was thine.
'Tis vain, O Peleus! to oppose
Thy torturer and mine.
Contented with delpair,
Refign the fair,
Refign, refign!
Or, wretched man! prepare
For change of torment great as mine.
Pel. In change of torment would be eafe,
Could you divine what lovers bear.
Say you, Prometheus! would confefs
There is no vulture like delpair

1770.95
(39)

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A

MASQUE.

Written by LORD LANSDOWNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

The SCENE *represents Mount Caucasus.* Prometheus *appears chained to a Rock, a Vulture gnawing his Breast.*

Peleus *enters, addressing himself to* Prometheus.

Pel. CONDEMN'D on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whose inspecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the starry heav'n:
To thee, Prometheus! I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.
Prom. From Jupiter spring all our woes;
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus! to oppose
Thy torturer and mine.
Contented with despair,
Resign the fair,
Resign, resign!
Or, wretched man! prepare
For change of torment great as mine.
Pel. In change of torment would be ease;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
E'en you, Prometheus! would confess,
There is no vulture like despair.
Prom. Cease, cruel vulture! to devour.
Pel. Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain.
Thetis *entering, they repeat together.*
Cease, cruel vulture! to devour.
Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain.
Thet. Peleus! unjustly you complain.

Prometheus *and* Peleus.

Cease, cruel vulture! to devour.
Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain.
Thet. Peleus! unjustly you complain,
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills resistless fates ordain.
I still am true—and would be kind.
Pel. To love and to languish,
To sigh and complain,
How cruel's the anguish,
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Pursuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curse of disdain,
How tormenting's the pain!
To love, &c.
Thet. Accursed jealousy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Thro' which all objects false we see,
Accused jealousy!
Thy rival, Peleus! rules the sky,
Yet I so prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chuse to die
Rather than reign with Jove.
A Clap of Thunder. Jupiter *appears descending upon his Eagle.*
But see, the mighty Thund'rer's here!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly!
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly!
[*A full Chorus of voices and instruments as* Jupiter *is descending.*

Granville (G.), Baron Lansdowne
248

Cho.
But ſee, the mighty Thun[illegible]
Temble, Peleus! tremble, fly!
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly!
Jupiter *being deſcended.*
Jup. Preſumptuous ſlave! rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, mortal! thus defy
A goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealouſy!
Preſumptuous mortal!—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.
Pel. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds,
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jove! lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye.
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jup. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;
Haſte, ye Cyclops! with your forked rods,
This rebel love braves all the gods.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
Pel. and *Thet.* [*Holding faſt by one another.*] Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.
Jup. Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
Pel. and *Thet.* Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.
Thet. [*To* Jup.] Thy love, ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate,
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt, conſuming Semele!
Thy love, ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.
Prom. [*To* Jup.] Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leaſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the gods, but Fate rules thee.
The PROPHESY.
Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing,
Shall taſte joy and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to efface,
The moſt illuſtrious of his race,
Tho' ſprang from him who rules the ſkies.
Jup. [*Apart.*] Shall than the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon?
Juſtly th' impartial Fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the ſire
Of ſuch another ſon.
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe,
And guilt, that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
Peleus! take the maid divine: [*Giving her to* Peleus.
Jove conſenting, ſhe's is thine.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins their hands.*
Pel. heav'n had been loſt had I been Jove.
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n, but love.
Peleus *and* Thetis *together.*
There is no heav'n but love.
No, no, no;
There is no heav'n but love.
Jup. [*To* Prom.] And thou, the ſtars' interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free
Who giv'ſt me liberty;
Ariſe, and be thyſelf a ſtar,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free
Who giv'ſt me liberty.
[*The vulture drops dead at the feet of* Pometheus, *his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with* Jupiter, *to a loud flouriſh of all the inſtruments.*
Peleus *and* Thetis *run into each others arms.*
Pel. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus preſſing,
Is Heav'nly, heav'nly bleſſing!
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!
Thet. You tremble, Peleus—ſo do I—
Ah, ſtay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My ſoul ſhall take it's flight with thine;
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſts and ſwimming ſight;
Fault'ring ſpeech and gaſping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death;
Life diſſolving in delight,
My ſoul is ready for the flight.
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!
Peleus *and* Thetis *both together repeat,*
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!
CHORUS *of all the Voices and Inſtruments, Singing and Dancing.*
When the ſtorm is blown over,
How bleſs'd is the ſwain,
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain!
When the ſtorm, &c.

The Maſque concludes with a Variety of Dances.

FINIS.